ODES and ELEGIES,

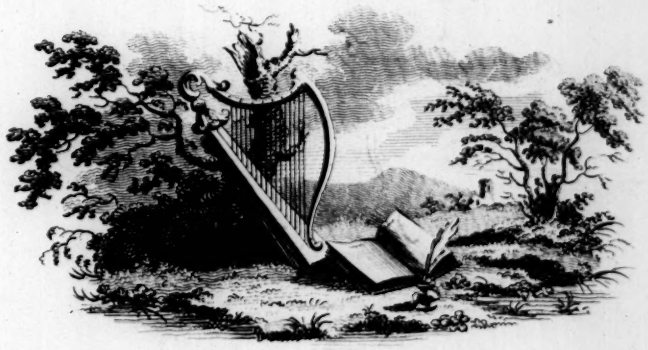
Descriptive & Sentimental:

with

The Patriot,

A POEM;

By John Corry!



Delightful Love! my Soul inspire,
Teach me to tune Jerne's Lyre
To social Amity. *Ode to Love.*

NEWRY,
Printed by R. Moffet,
1797.

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1

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DEDICATION.

To the PEOPLE of IRELAND.

I Respectfully dedicate my Poems to a great Nation; a Nation in which the Arts and Sciences have diffused Civilization and Knowledge, and the Bigotry of our Ancestors is giving place to that best precept of Christianity—"Love one another."

That Peace and Happiness may succeed the present turbulent state of Europe, is the wish of every citizen of the world—and that reviving Commerce may raise Ireland to the height of Prosperity, is the earnest wish of

Your affectionate Countryman,

JOHN CORRY.

PREFACE.

THE following Poems were mostly written on interesting subjects; and I do not wish to plead, as an excuse for their defects, that they were written in haste. I laboured to make them worthy of the perusal of the virtuous and intelligent mind, to inculcate Benevolence, Piety, and the Love of our Country; and the Reader will be the best judge whether I have succeeded. Originality of thought, and simplicity of stile, I studiously endeavoured to attain; and the Reader will not find imitations of other writers—but of Nature.

THE liberality of the People of the North of Ireland merit my warmest thanks—their generous patronage enabled me to publish this

this first production of my mind, and I shall ever retain a grateful sense of their friendship.

I INTEND to publish a second Edition of this little work in Dublin, in the ensuing Summer, and hope to be able to add several pieces, equal or superior to any in this impression.

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ODES, ELEGIES, &c.

IRELAND.

AN ODE.

SUBLIME, above the circling sea,
Ierne's pict'resque mountains rise;
The God of Nature made her free,
And bless'd her clime with genial skies:
Here LIBERTY's inspiring voice
Made her courageous sons rejoice—
Their nerves by cooling breezes brac'd;
And oft the fierce invading Danes,
Defeated on our warlike plains,
Fled with tumultuous haste.

How glow'd our Bards with patriot fire,
Whilst heav'nly FREEDOM's praise they sung;
Their eager fingers swept the lyre,
To sounds of martial glory strung:
The lyre, concordant with the song—
Harmonious, animated, strong,
With love of Virtue fill'd the breast;
Clontarf's gay groves the strain resound,
Where, with unfading laurels crown'd,
Bold Conquest rear'd her crest.

Returning Peace, securely gay,
O'er Ireland's pleasant region stray'd;
No serpent, in the wand'rer's way,
Bask'd, deathful, in the sunny glade:
Pure, flowing down the verdant hills,
Clear fountains pour'd unfailing rills,
That health and chearfulness bestow'd;
Where, blooming o'er the fertile ground,
Kind Nature's bounties spread around,
Deck'd Plenty's sweet abode.

Soft,

Soft, smiling in angelic grace,
Our island's youthful daughters bloom'd—
Their charming symmetry of face,
The roseate hues of health illum'd—
Vivid as light their spirits flow'd,
And Innocence her smile bestow'd,
To prompt the dance and love-taught song
Whilst youthful bards attun'd the lyre,
And the soft sounds of fond desire
Echo'd the glens among.

In time, this enviable life
Gave place to manners more refin'd,
Then petty chieftains rose, and strife
The youth to martial deeds inclin'd;
Proud Tyranny, with purple vest,
And crown'd with gold, the land oppress'd,
And trampled on the Rights of Man:
Intestine war, inflam'd by pride,
With native blood our vallies dy'd,
And Ireland's woes began.

By treachery invited o'er,
A foreign nation hither came,
Then Liberty forsook our shore,
And Ireland lost her ancient fame;
Yet Patriotism oft assail'd
The proud oppressor who prevail'd,
And kept a slipp'ry footing here;
Whilst vile Disunion's baleful night,
Shut out the rays of Freedom's light,
And foster'd slavish Fear.

Now, how delightfully improv'd—
Our blooming island smiles on day;
By gracious Providence belov'd,
Our fields their richest fruits display:
Kind Commerce here her gifts bestows,
And ev'ry tide that hither flows
Brings the prime produce of the globe;
And hence our snow-white linen bears,
Which foreign beauty proudly wears,
As Health's most cleanly robe,

Encreasing

Encreasing Science here imparts
New views of Nature to the mind,
And, with progressive grace, the Arts
Our soft'ning manners have refin'd;
But Discord sometimes rears her head,
Her hands with human blood o'erspread,
And urg'd by superstitious ire;
'Till Charity's persuasive voice
Shall to the paths of Peace entice,
Then Hatred shall expire.

O! Nature's all-commanding Lord!
Inspire our souls with social love—
May Bigotry, by thee abhorr'd,
Far from our little isle remove:
May Innocence and Virtue here
Prevail—fierce Discord disappear,
And all our efforts tend to peace;
And, join'd in social amity,
May Ireland's natives, truly free,
See all oppression cease.

JUNE.

JUNE.

AN ODE.

GLITT'RING in the morning dew,
Painted by celestial light,
Nature's beauties meet the view,
O'er the virent landscape bright.

Hill and dale and shady grove,
Smile, illumin'd by the day,
And the azure sky above,
Shines, magnificently gay.

Now, the tuneful choir of Spring
Breathe melodious love around;
Echoing groves and hedges ring
With each soft and melting sound.

Countless herbs and flowers bloom,
O'er the mead, in various hues—
They a chearing rich perfume
Thro' the flowing air diffuse.

Gay

Gay yon waving grove appears,
Rich in varied shades of green;
There the lovers meet—no fears
Fill their blameless minds serene.

Whilst the youth, devoid of art,
Whispers, fond, his am'rous tale,
O'er the beauteous virgin's heart
His impressive vows prevail.

Fair, the glossy fields of corn
Wave luxuriant in the gale—
Sweet the blossom'd beans adorn
And perfume the fertile vale.

See the swelling orchard shine,
Deck'd in beautiful array,
Clust'ring blooms their sweets combine,
Mingling white and crimson gay.

Balmy odours pure arise
From the fresh expanding flow'rs;
Living tints amuse the eyes,
Where they grace the roseate bow'rs.

Fair the stately lilly blows,
Bending in the breeze of morn,
And the lovely pink and rose,
The bright robe of JUNE adorn.

WOMAN.

WOMAN.

AN ODE.

IN graceful youth the living hues
Of love, angelic bloom diffuse
O'er the fair virgin's face:
True symmetry adorns her form,
There health, with vital spirits warm,
Displays each living grace.

Her mind, like some expanding flow'r,
Grows more accomplish'd ev'ry hour,
By Education's aid;
The social arts that sweeten life,
And grace the mother and the wife,
Adorn the lovely maid.

Mature in excellence, her hand
She gives, at potent Love's command,
Some favour'd man to bless;
And onward, thro' successive years,
She feels a mother's hopes and fears
Delight her, or distress.

Her finest feelings now expand,
With melting voice, like Virtue bland,
Her progeny she guides—
With piety their bosoms warms—
Quells their explosive passions' storms—
And o'er their youth presides.

When hoary, with the lapse of years
The retrospective vision chears
Her heart, with joy benign:
Hope gives the future to her eyes—
Opens the gates of Paradise,
And whispers, "It is thine."

But, when by passions led astray,
Fair WOMAN—thoughtless, young, and gay—
To wantonness inclines;
Allur'd by Man's enchanting wiles,
In the sweet bow'r of Love, she smiles,
And rosy wreaths entwines.

Satiety to hatred turns,
And Man her fading beauty spurns,
Unmindful of her tears;

And Woman, with repentant sighs,
A victim to her folly, dies—
No hope her bosom chears.

Ye youthful Fair, be timely wise,
Voluptuous levity despise,
The Flatt'rers arts avoid;
To VIRTUE's dictates still adhere,
Then INNOCENCE your hearts shall chear,
And TRUTH your actions guide.

Your transitory charms must fade,
Tho', in Light's loveliest hues array'd,
All-beauteous they appear;
But the imperishable mind,
To blameless Rectitude inclin'd,
Shall live thro' Heaven's year.

Ah! when with sportive dance and song,
Ye bound gay Pleasure's path along,
All loose desires repress;
Nor let licentious Wit pervert
Your blameless purity of heart,
Nor Flatt'ry's wiles caress. O cul-

O! cultivate exterior grace,
And let the beauty of the face
Declare the lovelier mind;
Let useful studies bless your hours,
Which shall adorn your mental pow'rs,
By Wisdom's aid refin'd.

The myrtle with the bay entwine,
Poetic melody combine
With Music's matchless art;
Accomplish'd so, you'll ever please—
Your beauty, with commanding ease,
Shall triumph o'er the heart.

Hail, gentle sex! your grateful praise
Shall often harmonize my lays,
And humanize my heart;
Your charms o'er earth a light diffuse,
Which to the raptures of the muse
Doth pow'rful aid impart.

ODE

ODE ON SEDUCTION.

Pause, pause, thou libertine, and lay
  Thy hand npon thy bounding heart,
And ask thy soul, if to betray
  The virgin is a manly part?

Alas! 'tis here the error lies—
  'Tis gallantry to rob the maid
Of her fair fame, and tyrannize
  O'er the fond heart by love betray'd.

Mistaken Man! the honor prize
  Of Woman, nor her peace destroy;
'Tis her meek smile that best supplies
  The sweetest zest of social joy.

Reject th' enticements of Desire,
  Ye lovely maids, with cautious mind;
Nor yield to that destuctive fire
  That leaves a ruin'd fame behind.

ODE ON MAY.

SWIFT o'er the hemisphere, celestial Morn
Pours fairest light, to beautify the Spring;
Pure dews the fresh delightful fields adorn
With trembling lustre, fann'd by zephyr's wing;
The sloping hills and sunny vales appear
In May's delightful hues, the beauty of the year.

O! what a burst of music fills the grove,
When birds, awaking, hail the infant day;
Sweet nightingales, with melting sounds of love,
And linnets, larks, and thrushes join the lay,
Some on the wing in airy circles fly,
'Light on the hedge in pairs, or soar into the sky.

In full perfection shines the gay parterre,
Where yonder noble mansion tow'rs sublime;
Refreshing odours fill the morning air,
Where blending sweets rise from the flow'ry prime;

The

The rose, all balmy spirit, chears the sight,
Carnation's gorgeous bloom, and lillies spotless white.

Adjoining, see the shrubbery adorn
The pleasure-ground, with various shades of green;
And roseate blossoms, fair as smiling morn,
When she ascends the vernal skies serene;
And see the tender nursery of trees,
With springing verdure crown'd, light waving in the breeze.

Come, Fancy! let us range the living mead,
And pluck the pendent cowslip from its stem;
Or to the river's brink thy vot'ry lead,
To gaze, delighted, in the passing stream;
There live the finny tribes, that, glitt'ring, play
In the pure element, enjoying chearful day.

THUS WOULD I LIVE, with Innocence and Peace,
Nor e'er unconscious view the varying year;
But, with the the gifts of Time, my joy encrease,
And bless the gracious Pow'r who plac'd me here.
O! whilst I God's amazing works admire,
May Piety unfeign'd my bright'ning soul inspire!

THE

THE *NEWRY LITERARY SOCIETY.*

AN ODE.

O WISDOM! ſacred Pow'r, deſcend,
Propitious, from thy native ſkies;
Our new Society befriend,
And teach us Virtue's aid to prize:
May true Philosophy impart
It's energy to warm the Heart,
And meliorate the curious mind;
And lofty Poetry inſpire
The Soul with Heav'n's informing fire—
A LOVE for ALL MANKIND.

This Inſtitution ſhall encreaſe,
Like riſing Morn's celeſtial light:
Here Study, bleſt with placid Peace,
Shall make the Intellect more bright:
Encourag'd by the Wiſe and Good,
May this Society, endu'd
With Merit, grace our native land—
And, cheriſh'd by the gen'rous Fair,
May Genius bays unfading wear,
Enwreath'd by BEAUTY's Hand.

ODE

DEATH.

AN ODE.

HOW awful Death! yet Man, secure,
Lives here as if immortal made;
Th' approach of Death, unseen, tho' sure,
Doth seldom make his heart afraid.

Whence can this strange indiff'rence rise,
This fondness to forget our end?
To bus'ness, pleasure, or the noise
Of empty Fame, our wishes tend.

Hope lifts the lively spirit high,
And health invigorates the heart;
Yet this majestic frame must die—
This active soul must hence depart.

Unwelcome truth to Beauty's ear,
Elate with praise, the lively mind
Employs its fondest wishes here,
To gaiety and love inclin'd.

Ah! since HIS will who being gave,
Foredoom'd his creatures here to die,
Let us, ere buried in the grave,
In virtuous acts our time employ.

Let us our appetites restrain,
And crave Religion's pow'rful aid;
Then after Death, in Heav'n serene,
Our souls shall live, in light array'd.

ODE TO *SPRING.*

WELCOME to our longing sight,
Lovely Spring! with true delight,
We behold thy blissful charms,
Which the chearing sunshine warms,
Soft'ning breezes, length'ning days,
Vivid Light's more glorious rays;
Rising verdure, early flow'rs,
Op'ning in the fragrant bow'rs:
SPRING! those pleasing gifts are thine:
Now the fields with daisies shine—
Now the mossy banks display
Vi'lets smiling in the day,
Primroses, and cowslips, there,
Give fresh odours to the air:
See, for thee the wild-rose blooms,
Honeysuckles breathe perfumes;
And the cool refreshing air
Wantons o'er thy bosom fair;
At thy magic smile, the maid,
Sighing in the lonely shade,

Feels Love's soft emotions swell,
And NATURE in her heart rebel:
O'er the verdure of the vale,
Ceaseless flows the spritely gale;
And the groves, elastic, play,
Glist'ning in the lucid ray;
On the topmost branch, elate,
The glad red-breast chears his mate,
Whilst the sky-lark, singing, soars,
And aerial heights explores,
'Till instinctive love, again,
Draws him down with mystic chain.
O'er the plains, the hills and vales,
Thy Elysian bloom prevails;
And the lambs, with playful bound,
Frolic o'er the flow'ry ground.
Nature's fairest child, benign,
Sent by Providence divine,
Welcome, welcome, to our eyes!
With thy train of loves and joys.

ODE TO *LOVE.*

SOFT ruler of the feeling heart,
Whose very pains more bliss impart
Than stupid Folly's joy—
Delightful Love! my soul inspire,
Teach me to tune IERNE's LYRE
To social amity.

Warm'd by thy beautifying ray,
The gentle virgin's charms display
A more resistless grace;
Thy presence decks her lovely mein,
And points her eyes with light serene,
Mild-beaming o'er her face.

Fair sister of meek Charity,
O! condescend to live with me,
Thy willing votary;
My mind with lively pity move,
The feelings of my heart improve,
That gladly yields to thee.

ODE

ODE FOR THE *NEW YEAR*,

M,DCC,XCVI.

PERMITTED by Almighty grace,
Another year of circling Time
Comes to delight the human race,
With life and light in ev'ry clime.

Now Europe's bravest sons contend
Upon the blood-besprinkled plain,
And their black fleets new horrors lend
To native dangers of the main.

Murder, by cruel Cain began,
Hath since assum'd a nobler name;
And WAR, the fellest foe of Man,
Is sanction'd by the voice of Fame.

Beyond our little system's bound
Thro' the immensity of space,
The countless worlds that shine around,
Display the great Creator's grace.

Immortal

Immortal Virtue, Truth, and Love,
On their bright orbs for ever dwell;
But, here, our wars and mis'ries prove
The presence of the pow'rs of Hell.

From Hell's dark caves, relentless Wrath,
And Pride, and mad Ambition rose—
Those cruel caterers of Death—
Those fiends that foster human woes.

O! Fountain of eternal love!
With smiling Peace the nations bless—
The dreadful din of war remove,
And stern Oppression's pow'r repress.

Then thro' the changes of the year,
Whilst Nature's varying beauties shine,
With free-will PIETY, sincere,
We'll praise thy Providence divine.

ODE ON *AUTUMN.*

THE earth, with AUTUMN's precious fruits
o'erspread,
Reflects the golden lustre of the morn;
The winding vale, and hill's exalted head,
Display their shining fields of ripen'd corn;
And in the fragrant orchard we behold
The sav'ry fruitage, ting'd with azure—purple—
gold.

How gracious is th' omniscient Lord of all,
Still mindful of his feeble creatures here;
His Providence directs the show'rs to fall,
And sun to shine—HE rules the varied year;
His bounty gives rich harvests to our Isle,
And all our comforts flow from his benignant
smile.

Abundant crops rejoice the farmer's heart,
And o'er the field the willing reapers toil;
Innate Simplicity, unknown to Art,
Adorns each blooming visage with a smile;

Alternate

Alternate rest and labour pleasure give,
In rural innocence those useful rustics live.

O, Agriculture! Man's unfailing friend,
'Tis thine to cultivate the fertile ground;
The beautiful and useful thou dost blend,
And decorate sweet Nature's scenes around;
Without thee, famish'd cities, soon laid waste,
Would to oblivion sink, by silent Time defac'd.

Amid the plenitude of Nature's stores,
Which all that live on earth with food sustain,
The pious mortal Nature's GOD adores,
Who bless'd with rich increase the various grain—
Who all the changes of the seasons made,
And Plenty, in a robe of richest hues array'd.

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

AN ODE.

WHAT active pow'r is this within,
That struggles to arise,
In search of never-ending bliss,
Above yon sparkling skies?

'Tis Christian Hope, by Faith impell'd
Sustain'd by heav'nly Grace,
That animates my mournful soul,
And shews the Saviour's face.

Faith throws yon azure skreen aside,
And gives a glimpse of Heav'n;
Hope whispers to my anxious heart,
That ev'ry sin's forgiv'n.

O! can such mercy be bestow'd
On wretches such as I?
Yes—for our sins, the Son of God,
Our Saviour, Lord, did die.

The sons of light, rejoicing, sing
  Our dear Redeemer's praise;
And shall not we, for whom he bled,
  Our grateful anthems raise?

Hosanna to the Christ of God!
  All glory to our King!
Praise to his name, whose saving pow'r
  Our souls to Heav'n shall bring!

ODE ON *WAR.*

NOW martial music loudly sounds,
And rouzes ardent youth to arms;
With valour ev'ry bosom bounds,
Warm'd by fallacious Glory's charms:
Behold the death-despising train,
In thronging myriads on the plain,
In terrible array;—
Their polish'd arms reflect the light,
And, beauteous to the gazing sight,
In air, their banners play.

See, full advancing on the foe,
Another army meets the sight;
Now sulph'rous fires begin to glow,
And smoke involves their ranks in night;
Ten thousand jarring thunders tear
With deaf'ning noise, the smoaky air,
And groans and clamours rise;

Relentless

Relentless Rage the face deforms—
With martial pride the bosom warms,
And lightens from the eyes.

Ah! Scene of woe! in youthful bloom,
The gasping soldier bleeding lies;
Death, raging 'mid the burning gloom,
With triumph views his prostrate prize.
Here lies the valiant husband, slain,
Whose widow shall, with frantic mein,
Bewail his sudden death;
And there the mangled youth, whose love
Shall, plaintive as the guiltless dove,
Mourn War's destructive wrath.

These are thy triumphs, horrid War!—
Depopulation, woe, and pain—
Thy desolation spread afar,
And famine wastes the cultur'd plain—
Sack'd cities, wealthy towns, in flames,
Where, horror-struck, Despair exclaims,
And blasted Misery—
The virgin's shriek—the widow's tear—
The infant's cry—the aged's fear—
All, all are caus'd by thee.. O,

O, PEACE! thou friend of human kind,
With happiness the nations bless;
In everlasting fetters bind
Fierce War, and all his pow'r repress;
Then, to the spritely viol's sound,
Shall lively youths and maidens bound,
And songs of joy and love
Shall, swelling in the trembling air,
The kind return of PEACE declare,
Deputed from above.

ODE

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

THOU mountain nymph, fair Solitude!
O! lead me to thy secret cell,
Where no unholy cares intrude,
But PEACE and VIRTUE ever dwell.

The cavern'd rock, with moss o'ergrown,
And crown'd with ivy's lasting hue,
Thou chusest for thy rural throne—
Thy canopy the concave blue.

O! place me gently by thy side,
Whilst the wide landscape blooms below,
And o'er our heads, in Nature's pride,
Rich show'rs form Heav'n's resplendent bow.

Whilst, downward, on the sunny plain,
And sloping hills and vales I gaze,
Where Beauty, Health, and Pleasure reign,
And Man, rejoicing, spends his days.

Imprint this precept in my heart—
All temporal delights are vain, The

The labour'd elegance of Art,
And all the treasuries of gain.

O! purify my humble mind
With thy divine supernal fire,
And let me, by its pow'r refin'd,
To real happiness aspire.

With Contemplation let me range
Vast Nature's ever-varying maze,
And view, with wonder, ev'ry change,
And give to Nature's Author praise.

The glens and rocks shall hear me sing,
Their echoes to my voice reply,
Whilst I adore Creation's King,
Whose wisdom form'd the earth and sky.

All earthly happiness how vain,
Compar'd with heav'nly Solitude,
That leads the studious soul, serene,
To seek—and find—ETERNAL GOOD!

VIOLET.

VIOLET-HILL.

AN ODE.

ENLIVEN'D by the breath of Spring,
Her bright'ning sun-shine, and soft show'rs,
Now flowrets bloom, and linnets sing,
Sweet VIOLET-HILL, in thy green bow'rs.

Light-waving in the flowing breeze,
The flow'ring shrubs their sweets diffuse;
Unfolding leaves adorn the trees,
And blossoms smile, of various hues.

The lilac gay, the blossom'd thorn,
Laburnum, rob'd in green and gold,
Reflect the lovely light of Morn,
And all their fragrant blooms unfold.

Meek Contemplation, here reclin'd,
The landscape in perspective views,
Where Nature's fairest charms, combin'd,
The Poet's feeling mind amuse.

The mazy river—flow'ry mead—
Wide fields, o'erspread with verdant corn—
High hills—and sunny vales, display'd—
And tufted groves the scene adorn.

Delicious, in this gay retreat,
The rose snd sweet-briar's scents exhale;
And the fond black-bird, wildly sweet,
Melodious breathes his am'rous tale.

PROVIDENCE. AN *ODE.*

OUR GOD! whom Heav'n's angelic hosts obey,
Form'd by his all-creating Word our globe;
His glorious smile illum'd the orb of Day,
And deck'd the infant Spring in Beauty's robe:
See, beautiful, in Paradise,
The vegetable tribes arise,
And flourish o'er the ground;
And, fraught with life, the teeming earth
Give animated Nature birth,
With health and beauty crown'd.

MAN, the illustrious favourite of Heav'n,
Our GOD inspir'd with his immortal breath—
To him dominion o'er this world was giv'n—
Created innocent—exempt from death;
But, soon, alas! th' infernal foe
Seduc'd him, and relentless woe
Displac'd his mental joy:
And Death, voracious, came from Hell,
On this terrestrial orb to dwell,
Commission'd to destroy.

Kind PROVIDENCE DIVINE, with pitying eye,
Beheld his fallen creatures, and prepar'd,
For their afflictive lapse, a remedy,
By angels and by prophets oft declar'd—
The SON OF GOD, with heav'nly love,
Descended from the realms above,
To save the human race—
Meek victim of the Jewish pride,
He for Mankind's redemption died,
That we might live thro' grace.

Dear SAVIOUR! the true Christian's hope and joy,
Inspire my soul with stedfast faith in thee:
O! save, when Satan's fiery darts annoy,
And grant my mind thy perfect liberty.
The mysteries of PROVIDENCE
Too oft give mortal MAN offence,
By Folly led astray;
Those sensualists, inflam'd with pride,
Thy soul-preserving LOVE deride,
And turn, like moles, from heav'nly day.

ODE on the Report of the Death of GENERAL KOSCIUSKO.

AH! is the noble Patriot dead,
That glorious Pole, who, wisely brave,
Oft for his country fought and bled,
And strove her liberties to save:—
Oft, in the blazing front, he dar'd
The miscreant Russians, undeterr'd
By their ferocious vassal bands;
And, ardent for his country's weal,
Bath'd in their lives his conq'ring steel,
And gore of slaves defil'd his hands.

Plain, in the simple dignity
Of MAN, no gorgeous garb he wore—
Dress'd like the humble peasantry,
Which still endear'd their Gen'ral more—
With them he ev'ry toil sustain'd,
And whilst one ray of Hope remain'd,
He urg'd them FREEDOM to defend;

But,

But, soon, the HERO wounded lies,
Fell Tyranny secures his prize,
And leads in chains his country's friend.

O may the rumour be untrue,
And KOSCIUSKO see, again,
Fair Freedom's banners meet his view,
And rouze to noble deeds his men:
May Despotism, in his grasp,
Convuls'd with an expiring gasp,
Yield his dark soul to endless Night—
May Freedom's light on Poland shine,
And ev'ry virtue there combine,
That can the Patriot's mind delight.

ODE TO VIRTUE.

O THOU! for whom wise Socrates did die,
And Plato seek by Reason's feeble aid,
Descend, dear Angel! from the shining sky,
In Revelation's glorious light array'd;
With thy propitious smiles disperse the night,
That, like chaotic gloom, o'erwhelms my mental sight.

Lo! beauteous Virtue! Vice, in fair disguise,
Leads thousands, o'er her flow'ry paths, astray.
Remove, remove, from their deluded eyes,
The film of Sin, and shew thy heav'nly day;
Then Pleasure's seeming charms shall please no more—
Inform'd by thee, the soul shall Nature's GOD adore.

Depriv'd of thee, the bloom of Beauty fades,
And haggard Vice despoils each living grace;
A settled gloom the lovely face o'ershades—
Disease and Guilt the fairest hues deface:

'Tis

'Tis thou alone can'st real worth bestow
On Woman's beauties here, and shield her
breast from woe.

The Man who lives with passions unrestrain'd,
Finds Disappointment mar his promis'd joy;
With Sensuality his bosom stain'd,
Feels fierce Remorse his sober hours annoy.
Ah! wretched being! break vile Folly's chain—
In Virtue's peaceful path, lost happiness regain.

Society, fair Virtue! bless'd with thee,
Improves in knowledge, and each useful art;
The mind expands with native energy,
Where thy creative smiles new light impart:
Thy boundless pow'r invigorates the whole,
Of social happiness, the animating soul.

O! come, and o'er mankind thy reign extend,
To Rectitude and Peace the nations guide;
With useful knowledge ev'ry land befriend,
And save the human race from sinful pride—
Pride, thy worst foe, where thou presidest, dies,
And meek Humility guides to eternal joys.

INDEPENDENCE.

AN ODE.

Let slaves and flatt'rers stoop and bow,
I cannot make this iron knee
Bend to a meaner pow'r
Than that which form'd it free.

WATTS.

'TIS Independence dignifies
With Virtue the aspiring mind:
Then Fancy can triumphant rise,
To views of Knowledge unconfin'd;
Unaw'd by Pow'r, with Contemplation's aid,
The free-born mortal, in the studious shade,
To heights of Wisdom and of Virtue soars;
Or, mingling with the busy, social throng,
Defends the rights that to mankind belong,
And his lov'd country's rising weal explores.

The spirit by Dependence broke,
In ignorance must live and die—
Beneath a fellow-mortal's yoke,
Depress'd, he breathes a timid sigh;
But, when Necessity a man compels
To seek subsistence where Abundance dwells,
And serve another's Will for means to live,
His mind, indignant, when Oppression low'rs,
Like Samson, bound with cords, collects his pow'rs,
And rends the trammels that such torment give.

Then, free to tread the paths that lead
To Knowledge, with exalted mein,
He travels, with encreasing speed,
Up VIRTUE's mount, for ever green;
There Independence hails her fav'rite child,
And seats him on the sunny summit wild,
Whence the fair fields of Science he descries—

True

True Genius, in a robe of fairest hues,
Inspires his fancy, elevates his views,
And bids him Indolence and Fear despise.

The nation where the genial smile
Of Independence beams, shall rise
Above the pow'r of foreign guile,
And her auspicious presence prize.
But, ah! when, overpower'd, a nation pines,
No longer Freedom's genial lustre shines,
Envelop'd by dull Despotism's gloom:—
Such thy sad state, degraded Poland, now,
There, giant Tyranny, with lofty brow,
Stalks o'er thy fertile fields, and blasts their bloom.

How pleasant 'tis to live retir'd,
And cultivate the tuneful art;
By the benignant Muse inspir'd,
To pour the strain that warms the heart—
To ramble, unconfin'd as light or air,
When the fresh green displays its flow'rets fair,
Or from its mossy stem to pluck the rose—

To swim the lucid lake, or briny tide,
When Summer's gorgeous bloom, in full-blown pride,
With Light and Heat's refulgent glory glows.

Dear Independence! o'er my head
Thy soul-ennobling arm extend,
And, till I mingle with the dead,
Thy ardent votary befriend:
Thy aid is all I ask of Fortune's store—
Just what thou pleasest give, I need no more;
And frugal Competence may well suffice:
A nobler treasure than the purest gold,
Bright Science to my studies can unfold—
'Tis intellectual wealth alone I prize.

AIR.

AIR.

AN ODE.

SPIRIT of Life! vivific Air!
Thou breath of Heav'n, that Earth surrounds!
Thy presence brightens ev'ry sphere
That beams thro' vast Creation's bounds;
There, pure, thy living ether plays,
And strengthens the tremendous blaze
Of the swift comet, that, with ceaseless flight,
Pervades Immensity's vast fields of light.

'Tis Air sustains the beauteous whole
Of animated beings here—
'Tis Vegetation's secret soul—
It's fost'ring breezes ever chear.
The cheek of Beauty—the fair frame—
That blooms with Life's electric flame,
To vivifying Air perfection owe:—
With ev'ry breath we draw, new spirits flow.

The atmosphere a medium forms,
Thro' which the light of Day descends;
And when the cloud, concealing storms,
With horror big, o'er Earth impends,
Oft struggling, 'mid the gloom confin'd,
With dreadful force, expanding wind
From the burst mass the flaming lightning flings,
And bears the thunder on its rushing wings.

Light, o'er the globe-encircling main,
Brisk gales extend their veering flight;
There Commerce, chear'd by hope of gain,
Steers his swift bark, by Learning's light;
But, if condens'd the winds descend,
And with the growing billows blend,
Convulsive Tempest, with resistless wrath,
Sinks the descending ship in caves of Death.

Where subterraneous vapours swell,
'Tis the expansive force of Air
Doth the dire Earthquake's rage impel,
Which can in fragments regions tear;

Or,

Or, where immense volcanic fires
To the high smoaky Peak aspires,
'Tis Air propels the gushing flood of fire,
That, flaming down, makes man and beast expire.

In scenes where no terrific form
E'er comes to fill the heart with fear,
Where the loud voice of giant Storm
Ne'er sounded dreadful to the ear,
The variegated landscape fair
Is cherish'd by enliv'ning Air;
There, glist'ning groves, elastic, kiss the gale,
That bears the odours of the vernal vale.

Hail, Source of Music! the soft voice
Of Love owes all its pow'r to thee;
Thou bidd'st all Nature's tribes rejoice,
That flourish in the earth and sea:
Pure minister of heav'nly love,
Deputed from the world above,
Thy pow'r, invisible, pervades all space—
Thou active agent of Almighty Grace.

CONCORD.

AN ODE.

HENCE, Discord! cruel Homicide!
See Concord, smiling like the morn,
Comes, our glad Islanders to guide,
Who for commutual aid were born.

Where is the impious fratricide,
Whose frantic bosom, swell'd with rage,
In arms his countrymen defy'd—
Mad, with his brethren to engage?

This Concord asks, with gentle smile;
But, none the shameful deed will own;
And dark Revenge, and coward Guile,
By Patriotism are o'erthrown.

Now, Social Love once more resides,
Triumphant in the human breast:
Th' enlighten'd cottager derides
The arts by which he was opprest:

Some nameless demon, sure, he cries,
  Inflam'd my mind with baleful spite—
No native of yon beauteous skies,
  But the infernal child of Night.

My countrymen my friendship claim,
  And feuds are to oblivion giv'n;
Each diff'ring SECT is but a NAME—
  The true Religion comes from Heav'n.

Imprinted in the conscious heart,
  The great CREATOR's LAW we feel—
To others, mercy to impart,
  And warmly cherish Public Zeal.

ODE TO *FANCY.*

AMAZING Pow'r, thy magic wand
Can Nature's noblest scenes command,
To please the curious mind:
Thy speed outstrips the light'ning's wing,
Thou can'st Creation's beauties bring,
With all their pomp combin'd.

O! bear me to the starry skies,
Where countless glories on the eyes
Beam mild, etherial day;
Where Order rules the beauteous Whole,
And kindles in the virtuous soul
Religion's heav'nly ray.

With quick descent, convey me thence,
To where the polar frost intense,
Congeals the shining snow;
Where ne'er a gushing fount is seen,
Nor flow'ry vale, of freshest green,
Nor vernal breezes blow.

Now,

Now, let us range the torrid zone,
Where burning sand, by whirlwinds blown,
Obscures the atmosphere;
Where the fierce Arab, wildly free,
Prefers the waste and Liberty,
To ease and slavish fear.

To nobler scenes, O! wing thy flight,
Where Sciences and Arts delight
The comprehensive mind:
Where Europe's sons—majestic race—
Embellish'd with transcendent grace,
By Knowledge are refin'd.

Now, let us skim th' Atlantic wave,
And hail the nation, wisely brave,
Where Independence smiles;
Where, with Fraternal Friendship bless'd,
No tyrant can their rights molest,
By force, or treach'rous wiles.

Come, Fancy! let us homeward hie,
To where Ierne meets the eye,
High tow'ring o'er the main;

My native Isle! thy pleasant shore
Delights my filial breast once more,
And joy succeeds to pain.

See, Fancy! see the landscape's pride—
There, from wide lakes the rivers glide,
And fructify the plains;
Here flocks and herds the pastures range:
Hamlets and cots the scen'ry change,
Where Social Comfort reigns.

Grim Discord, now, the region flies:
Ierne's sons those arts despise
That Bigotry oft tried,
To cherish Strife;—kind Concord's smile
Prevails o'er Superstition's guile,
And Charity o'er Pride.

DARKNESS.

AN ODE.

THE setting sun illumes the skies
With Light's enchanting vivid dyes,
Crown'd with his own resplendent rays,
That upward shoot a golden blaze;
But, while we gaze, the colours fade,
And Twilight's solemn, gradual shade
Hides Nature's charms; and gloomy Night
Now shuts the prospect from our sight.
Thick clouds the starry concave veil,
And not a sound glides on the gale,
Save the dull owl's discordant cry;
And not an object meets the eye,
Save where the cot its shelter rears,
A speck of trembling light appears.
This horrid gloom excites the fear
Of the lone trav'ller, wand'ring near
The cemetery, all aghast,
He startles at each hollow blast,

And frighted Fancy, to his eyes,
Makes spectres from the graves arise.
Darkness! the mariner's worst foe,
When, loud, the sweeping tempests blow,
No rays of heav'nly light illume
His course, amid the pathless gloom;
Perhaps, dash'd on some rocky coast,
The ship and all her crew are lost.

CHRIS-

CHRISTIANITY.

AN ODE.

THE Christian Faith, like well-tried gold,
More pure and excellent appears,
When impious men, perversely bold,
Would fill our minds with doubts and fears;
Their carnal lusts obscure the ray
That Heaven gave to light the way
To endless Rectitude and Peace:
Perverted REASON misapplies
The means that ought to make Man wise,
And happiness encrease.

The self-denying life enjoin'd
By true Religion, gives offence
To Pleasure's sons, who, unconfin'd,
Would revel in the joys of Sense.
Thus, playful, useless butterflies
Waste the swift hours of Summer's joys,
And soon become the spider's prey;

But,

But, Virtue's children, like the bee,
Cull endless sweets, with industry,
Chear'd by Religion's ray. -

Without the comfort Faith bestows,
How wretched human life appears—
A mingled mass of joys and woes—
A daily round of hopes and fears;
But, when the Saviour's Gospel shines,
The faithful Man no more repines
At aught that can befal him here;
In prospect of a happier clime,
He braves the stormy sea of Time—
Gay hopes his spirits chear.

ODE FOR THE *NEW YEAR*,

M,DCC,XCVII.

WHAT hollow sound thus breaks thy silence, Night!
'Tis Tempest, rising with tremendous pow'r,
His gloomy terrors doth the world affright;
And Ruin rules the awful midnight hour:
The passing clouds their wat'ry stores distil,
Whilst Ocean rages in the dreadful blast
That drives the ship, and mocks the seamen's skill,
Who cling, despairing, to the shatter'd mast.
Alas! I hear the wretches call, in vain,
For aid—they sink, o'erwhelm'd by the relentless main.

Now, Morning comes to usher in the Year,
Whilst over Europe howls the boding storm;
Around our Isle demolish'd ships appear,
And mangled corses our sad shores deform.

Now, Rumour elevates her trembling voice,
And bids us arm against invading foes;
No more our simple villagers rejoice
In peace—they shudder at approaching woes.
With ev'ry hour, new hopes and fears arise,
Whilst Rumour, thro' the Isle, on wings of terror flies.

The Hag of Despotism now remov'd,
No more the northern nations shall despoil;
Celestial Freedom, by their hearts approv'd,
Will deck with richer scenes their stubborn soil:
Truth, Science, Peace, Philanthropy, and Joy,
Shall dignify the land where Freedom dwells;
Imperious tyrants shall no more annoy
Mankind, but sink to where Oppression yells;
In burning chains of adamant confin'd,
The wretched miscreants live, who have oppress'd mankind.

The voice of War is heard thro' Europe's bounds,
And, active to destroy, the armies throng;

The

The Ocean echoes the fell cannon's sounds,
Where hostile fleets the deathful fight prolong:
Rapacious privateers on Commerce prey,
As the fierce lion takes the tim'rous deer;
And wealth and plenty in the towns decay—
No hopes of Peace the warring nations chear.
So the new year begins:—O! may it end
In mild Serenity, and Peace the world befriend.

When will the time arrive, that Man no more
Shall with his fellow Man on earth contend?
But, join'd in love, our gracious GOD adore,
The Sire of Spirits—our immortal Friend.
Haply this year may bring the promis'd rest
From war, and crimes, and ev'ry human ill;
And with the aid of true Religion blest,
Virtue shall her delightful laws instil.
May Providence this era realize,
And all the human race ennobling FREEDOM's prize.

ODE ON THE ART OF PRINTING.

WHEN monkish selfishness conceal'd
Pure Revelation's lucid light,
Then Superstition's pow'r prevail'd,
And hid fair Truth from mortal sight;
Expiring lay each noble art,
That once improv'd the head and heart,
And pining Science droop'd, unseen;
TYPOGRAPHY, of heav'nly birth,
Then came to chear the sons of Earth,
With blissful Wisdom's smiles serene.

As, after wint'ry storms are o'er,
The blooms of Spring adorn the ground,
So, the bright Sciences no more
Were hid, but beauteous rose around;
And, as the beams of rising Day
Creation's glorious scenes display,
And morning vapours dissipate,

So,

So, PRINTING sent true Learning forth,
To warm mankind to cherish Worth,
And new inventions here create.

By noblest mortals patroniz'd,
This precious Art each day improv'd;
And wheresoever it was priz'd,
Thence stupid Ignorance remov'd.
Kind handmaid of Religion, hail!
Long may thy potent aid prevail,
Thou friend to Liberty and Truth;
True Knowledge, introduc'd by thee,
From chains of Error sets us free,
And aids the aged and the youth.

Banish'd by Despotism's law,
To Freedom's climes this art remov'd—
Here no harsh sound her voice can awe—
By all protected and belov'd;
Whilst wretches, who her absence mourn,
The foot of Tyranny doth spurn—
Unhappy Turkey! such thy state—

Depress'd,

Depress'd, unmann'd, the vassals bend,
And with the dust their aspects blend,
Before the footstool of the great.

Celestial Art! ah, ne'er degrade
Thyself to foster odious Vice;
Alas! too oft thou art betray'd,
When irreligious fiends entice:
Ah! never, never condescend
Voluptuous Folly to befriend,
Lest all thy graces should expire;
But, ever love the moral lay,
And History's rich stores display,
Then shall the Good thy charms admire.

STANZAS

STANZAS ON *WAR.*

WAR! dreadful scourge of Man, appears,
To fill the virgin's eyes with tears,
For her dear youth, untimely slain;
To fill with grief the widow's breast,
Whose warlike husband's relics rest
Beneath the blood-polluted plain.

O! see, engag'd in conflict dire,
Involv'd in sulph'rous smoak and fire,
The hostile armies shake the ground;
The storm of Death, tremendous, pours
Swift balls, and the artill'ry roars,
Like awful Thunder's grating sound.

See yonder stately city storm'd,
There, the besieg'd, with fury warm'd,
Repel the foe, who scale the wall;
But they, with fierce, resistless pow'r,
Press onward, 'mid the leaden show'r,
Whilst eager soldiers, fighting, fall.

The city taken, frantic cries
From the unhappy victims rise,
  Who sink beneath the piercing blade;
And violated virgins tear
Their tresses, and, in deep despair,
  Deplore their chastity betray'd.

Lost is the sweet security,
The village sports, the rural glee,
  That once the happy region bless'd;
The husbandman and shepherd, now,
Forsake their fleecy charge and plough,
  And sanguine thoughts inflame each breast.

What desolation meets the eye—
The towns in frightful ruins lie,
  Demolish'd by destructive War;
And o'er the landscape, now defac'd,
His horrid footsteps may be trac'd
  To where he thunders from afar.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY.

Written in Ravensdale Park.

" Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
" Swells at my heart, and turns the past to pain."

GOLDSMITH.

HAIL, native shades! where, in my youthful hours,
In guiltless gaiety, and health serene,
I found pure pleasure in your shelt'ring bow'rs,
When Summer's sunshine gilt the beauteous scene.

Oft have I climb'd thy mountain's heathy height,
Eager the distant country to explore;

And view'd Dundalk, that, lovely to the sight,
Majestic, smiles, beside the pleasant shore.

There the blue waves, quick flashing on the day,
Innum'rous gleam along the level strand;
There, ships their pict'resque beauties oft display,
Impell'd by gales, or by light breezes fann'd.

When tender feelings fill'd my youthful breast,
Oft thro' thy scented walks, dear Ravensdale,
I've rambled, with my Anna's converse bless'd,
When Nature's sylvan music fill'd the gale.

How sweet, to her my love's impassion'd voice
By Echo gently whisper'd from the shade—
To view that form (which made my soul rejoice)
In the white robe of Innocence array'd!

Now,

Now, low she lies in the oblivious grave,
Whilst, here, the lovely bow'ry scenes remain—
Thus, Time and Death our comforts oft bereave,
And render earthly expectations vain.

Hark! how the dove, with wild melodious tone,
Pours tender plaints in the responding grove;
Thus would my soul my darling's loss bemoan;
Whilst from my eyes descend the tears of love.

Ah! Fancy, bear me from this mournful state,
And lead me back, with retrospective light,
To where, with patriotic zeal elate,
Our independent soldiers met my sight.

Then, when the love of Freedom was no crime,
On yonder mead, along the river's side,
I've seen our Volunteers, with port sublime,
Wield their bright arms, with Valour's noble pride.

Lost is that martial spirit, now—no more
The mass of gen'rous brethren guard our Isle:
Yet Providence may social love restore,
And o'er our land Fraternal Friendship smile.

Adieu! ye solitary shades, adieu!
Ireland's green laurel creeps along the ground,
In your dark maze—and where the moss-rose grew,
The night-shade and unpleasant fern abound.

Yet may your laurels, glist'ning in the light,
Crown Ireland's sons—your bow'rs may yet contain
True lovers, who shall here their hands unite;
Then shall my patriot-muse no more complain.

ELEGY ON *SEDUCTION.*

" Were you, ye Fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
" Did ye but know how seldom FOOLS are just,
" So many of your sex would not, in vain,
" Of broken vows, and faithless man, complain."
ROWE.

LIKE some sweet rose, by blighting winds assail'd,
Unhappy Nancy's living beauties fade;
Her treach'rous lover o'er her heart prevail'd—
His wiles her virgin innocence betray'd.

Retir'd she sits, absorb'd in speechless woe,
Whilst lucid tears o'erflow her beauteous eyes;
Down her pale cheeks the drops of sorrow flow,
On her fair bosom, swell'd with Mis'ry's sighs.

Alas, how chang'd! the artless smile of Joy
Diffus'd its glories o'er her charming face;
Her tuneful voice was melting melody,
And o'er her frame play'd Elegance and Grace.

In

In meek contentment pass'd her tranquil days,
And Modesty her gentle bosom sway'd,
When first she heard her selfish lover's praise,
And felt soft Passion's pow'r her mind invade.

Then Love's seducing voice, with soothing art,
Charm'd the sweet girl o'er Pleasure's flow'ry way;
But now, dishonour'd and despis'd, her heart,
'Mid Sorrow's darkness, finds no chearing ray.

Ah! why so credulous, ye lovely sex?
Why will ye graceless libertines approve?
Ev'n join'd in wedlock, they your hearts shall vex:
Those sensualists are too deprav'd to love.

By this criterion prove the man sincere—
Unblemish'd candour dignifies his mind:
True love is modest—artless—prone to fear;
Affected love—bold—witty—and refin'd.

ELEGY, written at the Tomb of THOMSON,
In Richmond Church,
On Sunday the 5th of August, 1792.

AH, virtuous Bard! how sadly-silent lies
Thy tuneful tongue, that, with melodious sound,
Sung GOD's amazing works—the lofty skies
With glory beaming—earth with beauty crown'd.

Tho' here thy mortal part, in humble dust,
Lies underneath this sacred roof, interr'd;
Thy happy soul, united to the just,
Meets the reward thy wish to fame preferr'd.

The brazen tablet, a memorial here,
May moulder; but thy name shall never die:
For, in thy works, to Truth and Genius dear,
Shine, love to man, and love to GOD most high.

ELEGY

ELEGY TO *MARIA M.*

CELESTIAL Venus shines with fainter light,
And bloomy Morn proclaims approaching Day;
Maria, let us walk, and please our sight,
With Summer's beauties, in her best array.

The rising sun, with horizontal beams,
Gilds the sweet fields, that glitter with the dew;
His rich effulgence sparkles in the streams,
And woods and mountains are disclos'd to view.

How sweet and cool the morning breeze, my love!
How gay and joyous ev'ry sight and sound!
Meek Nature's music fills each hedge and grove,
And springing herbs and flowers deck the ground.

Ah!

Ah! tread not on the modest cowslip's head,
Nor, negligently, the young violet bruise;
For, soon, too soon, their beauties will be dead,
That now, so oft, my pensive mind amuse.

Here, as we walk, untainted by the pride
That tortures worldlings, let us praise that pow'r
Who hath Earth's surface plenteously supply'd
With ev'ry perfect herb, and tree, and flow'r.

And, as we listen to the dulcet strains
That, mingling from the groves, swell in the ear,
And view the sun-illumin'd hills and plains,
That beautiful as Eden's scenes appear,

Let Piety in our glad bosoms glow,
Whilst we behold the works of heav'nly love;
'Tis love sustains this blooming scene below,
And the magnific worlds of light above.

PLEASURE.

AN ELEGY.

SOFT Pleasure spreads her gay enticements forth;
But, sad Experience shews their want of worth.
Lives there a man, by sensual joys enchain'd,
That once liv'd innocent, by crimes unstain'd,
But feels remorse at some embitter'd hour,
And wishes to escape vile Pleasure's pow'r?
Alas! irresolute, his wav'ring heart
Would leave the bow'rs of Sin, but cannot part.
Cuſtom, that spell, of fell resistless force,
Compels him to pursue his wonted course:
Voluptuous Beauty her soft charms displays,
And Music's am'rous airs his heart betrays;
Delicious wines, and sav'ry viands, please
His palate, as he lolls in thoughtless ease:
Thus flow his hours, in sordid worldly joys,
'Till Death's cold hand for ever seals his eyes.

ELEGY, on the Departure of the NIGHTINGALE.

Written in Surry, in August 1792.

WHEN Spring's mild breezes, rich with health and joy,
Kiss'd the sweet cowslip, and the sweeter rose,
The Nightingale, with soothing melody,
Nightly compos'd my spirits to repose.

And when the Morn's inviting charms, display'd,
Allur'd me forth, to breathe salubrious air,
The little warbler, in the fragrant shade,
With pleasing notes sooth'd each intrusive care.

Now, when the fruits of Autumn, spread abroad,
In ripe luxuriance, gratifies my mind,

My tuneful bird hath left his gay abode,
And speeds to distant regions, on the wind.

'Tis thus with ev'ry sublunary joy—
Bereav'd, by Time, of all our hearts hold dear—
Our tender friends, our lov'd relations, die;
We mourn the loss—but, fain would linger here

ELEGY

ELEGY, TO *MARIA M.*

COME, gentle mistress of my tender heart,
And let us Spring's expanding beauties trace;
But, all her vivid tints can ne'er impart
Such pleasure as thy health-illumin'd face.

My dearest love! thy blush, of rosy hue—
Thy timid glance, and modest down-cast eyes,
Appear more lovely to my raptur'd view
Than Spring's soft smile, that Nature beautifies.

So, Venus blush'd, emerging from the main,
When her enchanting graces rose to light—
So looks Aurora o'er the dewy plain,
When her effulgence triumphs over Night.

I love to chaunt my youthful charmer's praise,
Press thy soft hand, or hear thy dulcet voice—
I love to view my fair, with studious gaze,
Whilst thy soft blandishments my heart rejoice.

Come,

Come, with the bloom of Hebe in thy cheek,
Thy light-brown hair, and eyes of azure hue—
Come, lightly range o'er the fresh mead, and seek
The sweetest flow'rets, gemm'd with sparkling dew.

Behold, my love! the variegated bloom
With which unclouded Light the field pourtrays;
Tho' fair their forms, and pleasant their perfume,
Thy perfect frame more elegance displays.

If aught on earth my soul could idolize,
To thee I would implicit homage pay—
To thee! whose smiles my eager sight surprize
With transient glimpses of celestial Day.

But Reason, conscious that those charms must fade,
Bids my fond heart its ardent zeal repress,
And whispers, "Woo and win the tender maid,
"Whose virtues shall thy social moments bless.

ELEGY on the Death of Mrs. R. *of* Newry.

REMOV'D from earthly scenes, by the kind
Pow'r
Whose Providence with tender mercies blest
Her happy life—at the appointed hour,
The saint was summon'd to eternal rest.

She's gone! whose charity so oft reliev'd
The widow and the orphan, at her door;
From her dear children they her gifts receiv'd—
Her children, early taught to love the poor.

Alas! ye infant objects of her love,
Your loss no earthly being can restore,
Who can, like her, your op'ning minds improve,
And teach your thoughts on Virtue's wing to soar.

No more her voice, by Virtue harmoniz'd,
Shall sweetly modulated, please the ear—

No

No more her graceful manners shall be priz'd—
No more her placid looks her children chear.

Ye destitute of health and chearing food,
Forget your wants awhile—her grave attend,
And, bending o'er the relics of the good,
The tears of gratitude and sorrow blend.

Whilst Recollection prompts the mournful sigh,
As musing friends behold her verdant tomb,
When Spring's mild sun-beams, from the sparkling sky,
The rising flow'rets o'er her dust illume.

Let soft-voic'd Piety the soul inspire,
Whilst pure Religion, pointing to the skies,
Bids Beauty from the sacred spot retire,
With wishes to become as good and wise.

Thus, shall her hidden silent dust befriend
Immortal Virtue, and the musing fair,
Reclaim'd from Folly's path, submissive bend
To Providence—and for their change prepare.

ELEGY on the Approach of WINTER.

INCREASING cold and wint'ry tempests rage,
And desolate fair Nature's wide domain;
The wither'd groves, sad types of hoary age,
With fallen leaves bestrew the frozen plain.

See! in the half-till'd furrow, bound by frost,
The plough lies useless, half-conceal'd by snow;
The cottager, his means of labour lost,
Dejected sits, resign'd to silent woe.

Dear is the fuel—dear the daily bread;
His weeping children cry to him for food:
In vain they ask.—Oh! raise his drooping head,
Ye rich, and know the joy of doing good.

To distribute the brread and garments warm
To fellow-mortals, and their griefs remove,
Shall add to Beauty's smile a brighter charm,—
The light of Sensibility and Love.

Ye ladies! think it no ignoble task,
From Mis'ry's cheek to wipe the trembling tear;
The poor and weak, who your assistance ask,
May shine like suns in Heav'n, tho' wretched here.

ELEGY,

ELEGY,

Inscribed to the Inhabitants of NEWRY.

Written in the Beginning of Winter, 1795.

NOW, when cold Winter's wind and chilling snows
Come, dreadful to the Poor, the pensive breast
Feels Pity inly thrilling at their woes,
By their combin'd calamities distress'd.

When the sad widow, with her infant train,
Stands shiv'ring at the rich man's lofty door,
What bosom can its sympathy restrain?—
What hand would not relieve the suppliant poor?

See the blind man, o'erwhelm'd with midnight gloom,
Amid the glory of the noontide light,

Perhaps he flourish'd once in youthful bloom,
Blest with the precious gifts of health and sight.

Oppress'd with sorrow, in your mirey streets,
See barefoot, ragged Wretchedness appear;
Hark! how his plaintive voice your aid entreats,
Groaning beneath the rigours of the year.

Ye hospitable race, whom strangers love,
And with regret breathe forth a last adieu,
Let active charity your bosoms move;
The desolate apply for aid to you.

With lib'ral hand, a large subscription raise,
And build a work-house for your native poor;
There let the aged end, in peace, their days,
From Danger, Cold, and Hunger's pangs secure.

There let the harmless orphan, who ne'er knew
A father's love, nor smil'd upon his knee.

With

With filial gratitude, acknowledge you
Their guardians from a life of misery.

So, may Prosperity your town attend,
Rich Commerce spread for you the swelling
sail,
May Peace and Plenty their best blessings blend,
And ev'ry social virtue here prevail.

SEN-

SENSUALITY.

AN ELEGY.

WHEN Sensuality the passions sways,
Then sacred Reason's voice is heard no more;
Embruted Man his appetites obeys,
Whilst tender friends his wretched state deplore.

Debas'd by Vice, alas! his tainted heart
Becomes a votary to Pleasure's charms,
'Till fierce Disease, deriding human art,
With thoughts of Death the wretched mind alarms.

The wanton nymph, whose eye's electric fire,
And graceful form, the giddy youth ensnare,
Must, at the certain stroke of Death, expire—
Faded those beauties, once surpassing fair.

Can all the bliss voluptuous beauty gives—
The feast—the dance—and Music's dulcet sounds,

Console

Console the man who now luxurious lives,
When the dank mist of Woe his head surrounds?

When earthly beauties, fading to the sight,
Like visionary phantoms, mock the grasp,
Alas! the fleeting joys no more delight,
When Nature struggles with expiring gasp.

Then Pleasure's votaries, no longer gay,
With inward horror shrink from grim Remorse.
The trembling spirit quits its sinful clay,
And parent Earth conceals the noisome corse.

How diff'rently pure Virtue's friends expire—
True Piety invigorates the mind—
They hear the welcome of the heav'ly choir,
Nor think of the dark globe they've left behind.

Triumph-

Triumphantly they join the sons of light,
Bless'd with the smiles of uncreated Love,
Eternal joys their faithful souls requite,
Deck'd with immortal youth in Heav'n above.

THE

THE *ROSE.*

ON yonder verdant shrub behold the rose,
In balmy redolence, its bloom disclose;
The silky leaves of the elysian flow'r,
Reflect the glory of the noontide hour,
And, gently waving in the Summer's gale,
Warm'd by the sun, its richest scents exhale.
Around this perfect flow'r the rose-buds swell,
And promise future fragrance to the smell;
Beneath, green leaves the shapely branch adorn,
And seem to hide the finger-wounding thorn.
Ah! spare, ye passing youth, this tender bloom
Tho' tempted by its beauties and perfume,
Nor pluck this pride of Summer—but admire,
And so, in love, restrain each rash desire.
O! prize the rose-like virgin, nor betray
Her innocence—but, as the smiles of Day,
Cherish this blossom, so let faithful love
The beauties of the joyful fair improve.

ELEGY, Written in the LIBRARY *of the* NEWRY LITERARY SOCIETY.

AS here, alone, I muse—to Fancy's eye,
The former scenes of gaiety appear,
That fill'd the lively dancer's heart with joy,
When Chearfulness once held her vigils here.

Here the young lovers, link'd, as partners dear,
Together danc'd, or to a seat retir'd,
And, whilst the pow'r of Music charm'd the ear,
They whisper'd sweeter sounds, that Love inspir'd.

Now, Knowledge here her altar deigns to rear,
Adorn'd with all that Genius can bestow;
Her treasure she displays to win the Fair,
And fill their tender hearts with Virtue's glow.

Hither the curious youth, with willing feet,
Shall come, to blend instruction with delight;
Here, various tastes shall various pleasure meet:
The Muses and the Graces here unite.

ELE-

ELEGY, to the Memory of Mrs. MARY LITTLE, *of* Sheepbridge.

A PIOUS woman, from this world remov'd,
Who long liv'd here, respected and belov'd,
Deserves the frail memorial I bestow,
Whilst my sad bosom feels a grateful glow.
When left a widow, in life's perfect prime,
Then useful industry employ'd her time:
An only daughter, nurtur'd by her love,
Was taught by her pure Virtue to approve;
In blameless rectitude they pass'd their days,
Guided by Providence thro' Life's dark maze.
Benignant mortal! now, alas! no more
Shall thy kind aid thy neighbour's health restore—
No more thy healing simples give relief
To Pain, nor thy advice console in grief.
Celestial Virtue consecrates thy grave,
And shall thy mem'ry from oblivion save;
And whilst thy human frailties she conceals,
Thy philanthropic goodness she reveals.

ELEGY, to the Memory of Miss H——TT, *of* Belfast.

HOW frail is human life! in youthful bloom,
The virtuous H——tt moulders in the tomb:
Lost to Society that blameless mind,
That felt a sister's love for human kind—
The pleasing converse, and the decent ease,
Which ever made her modest manners please.
Involv'd in gloom the mystic future lies—
Let Man submit to Providence allwise:
Haply, Misfortune, envious of her joy,
Hasted, her blooming pleasures to destroy—
Tho' prosperous her spring, her summer might
Have wither'd in Adversity's fell blight;
But, Death remov'd her from the doubtful strife,
From all the pleasures and the pains of life.
Yet, gay the coming hours in prospect shone,
Which Hope had deck'd in raiment all her own—
True Love prepar'd the nectar'd cup of Joy,
And, smiling, with the sparkling draught drew nigh;

But,

But, pale Disease assail'd her roseate health,
As the fierce robber grasps another's wealth,
And, whilst her lover hasten'd to her aid,
Low, low, in death, the blameless victim laid.
Ye lovely inmates of her youthful hours!
Whilst ye assemble—fair as vernal flow'rs—
Let your soft bosoms swell with Sorrow's sighs,
For the lost friend, who shar'd your blameless joys.
Once, beautiful, like you, she danc'd along,
And was the loveliest of the lively throng;
But, now she sleeps, unconscious, in the tomb,
Conceal'd by parent Earth, in silent gloom.
Revere her virtues, her remembrance prize,
Whils the pure tears of Friendship fill your eyes.

PEACE.

PEACE.

AN ELEGY.

FROM the pure regions of eternal joy,
Thou friend of man, delightful Peace! descend;
Then shall ferocious War no more destroy,
But, nations into lasting friendship blend.

Ah! hear afflicted Nature's plaintive cries,
Who mourns the miseries her children feel;
Let thy lov'd presence chear her bright'ning eyes,
And sheath, for ever, Death's destructive steel.

Suppress vindictive Wrath and tyrant Pride,
Those worst of fiends that haunt the human mind;
O'er Europe, with thy olive wand, preside,
And thy true blessings give to all mankind.

Then shall the drum unbrac'd and silent lie,
And deathful arms, in sable rust, decay;

The

The bolt of war no more shall, hissing, fly—
No more sulphureous smoke obscure the day.

No more shall bombs burst with explosive roar,
And with fierce flames the wealthy towns devour;—
No more the hind his wasted farm deplore—
Nor ghastly Famine o'er the landscape low'r.

Beneath thy guidance, shall the hand of Toil,
With Agriculture's treasures fill the land;
Rapine no more shall Nature's bloom despoil,
Nor Men expire at Tyranny's command.

The Arts and Sciences, O, gracious Peace!
Shall flourish, blest with thy inspiring smile;
Wisdom and Wealth shall o'er the globe encrease,
And Public Zeal take place of selfish Guile.

Then Justice shall her guardian arm extend,
And equal laws preserve each social right;
And Piety, from highest Heav'n, descend,
To guide the human race to endless light.

Come,

Come, blissful Peace, our wishes realise,
And over harass'd Europe joy dispense:—
O, come! and with one glance of thy bright eyes,
Chase all the demons of Destruction hence.

THE

THE PATRIOT.

A POEM,

Descriptive of an Invasion of Ireland by the Danes, and their Expulsion by the Irish.

The ARGUMENT.

Ireland described—amusements of the natives—Cormac—Ellen—Cormac ascends a mountain, and descries the Danish fleet—he descends—alarms the villagers, and dispatches couriers to the interior, to inform his countrymen of the invasion—terror and grief of the women—parting of Cormac and Ellen—speech of Brian to the warriors—they march to the shore—the fleet of the Danes—Orfar, their general—morning—the Danes land—speech of Orfar—the Irish troops hasten from different parts of the country, and are arrayed by their chiefs—the bards—Ode, in which Connal animates his countrymen—ardour of the Irish army—the battle—bravery of Orfar—patriotism of Cormac, who rallies the routed Irish, and leads them again to battle—Cormac and Orfar engage—Orfar slain—the Danes fly, and are pursued to their boats by the Irish—

Cormac is carried wounded from the field—Brian, from a hill, sees Cormac lie wounded, and hastens down—Cormac dies—the Irish army carry the wounded off the field of battle—the bards celebrate the victory—the women descend from the mountains —grief of Ellen—she dies--the army repose during the night, and next morning bury the dead—dirge at the grave of Cormac and Ellen—the poem concludes with Connal's exhortation to the army.

THE PATRIOT.

SECURE and happy, with the smiles of Peace,
The sons of Erin saw their wealth encrease:
The fertile fields gave plenteous crops of grain,
And num'rous herds and flocks enrich'd the swain—
Expansive lakes in wavy radiance flow'd,
And to the vales unfailing brooks bestow'd—
Extensive bogs, with heath and reeds o'erspread,
Oft sunk, unfaithful to the wand'rer's tread—
Along the shore vast mountains rear'd their forms,
By light'ning smote, and swept by roaring storms—

Here

Here swell'd high summits, tap'ring like a cone;
There pond'rous cliffs, by Time's strong hand
o'erthrown,
Hung o'er the precipice—the eagle there
Built her rude nest, and breath'd the purer air—
Green woods adorn'd the mountain's sloping
side,
And sunny lawns were deck'd in Nature's pride;
There, harmless shepherds fed their useful
flocks,
And nibbling goats oft climb'd the pendent
rocks,
Where couchant wolves sprung on their help-
prey,
And nimbly bore the bleeding prize away.
Temp'rate, and tender as the guiltless dove,
The beauteous women warm'd the heart with
love;
The men reliev'd, with hospitable hand,
The shipwreck'd stranger, cast upon their land.
But, if with hostile arms they sought the shore,
Free Erin's sand was moisten'd with their gore.

In

In manly sports, along the level green,
Each summer's eve, the hardy youth were seen—
They wrestle, leap, or throw the shining dart—
In sportive fight, they learn the martial art,
On their small shields receive the well-aim'd blow,
Whilst in their hearts heroic ardours glow;
Their swords, keen-edg'd, and pointed for the fight,
Which their bold fathers oft, with conq'ring might,
Aim'd, like descending light'ning, on the Dane,
Now glitter'd, harmless o'er the grassy plain.

THE chase the gen'rous CORMAC lov'd, whose art
Sent, with unerring aim, the pointed dart,
Oft on the plain he train'd the martial band—
The living bulwark of their native land—
Careless and fearless, thus he pass'd his days,
And from the hoary bards oft heard his praise.

ELLEN,

ELLEN, the sweetest of Ierne's maids,
Smil'd like the Genius of her native shades;
In perfect symmetry, her youthful form
All-beauteous shone, with vital spirits warm;
Her face, expressive of her blameless mind,
Display'd the fairest tints of health combin'd;
Her soft blue eyes where love and pity smil'd,
In purest light, express'd her temper mild;
Redundant flow'd her shining light-brown hair,
Adown her shoulders and her bosom fair,
And, thro' the veil, the living beauties rise.
Thro' parting clouds, the moon thus chears our eyes.
Young Cormac the delightful virgin lov'd,
And his fond vows her feeling heart approv'd;
Four genial moons their varying light had shed,
Since his fair consort grac'd the nuptial bed.

ONE morn, with spirits lively as the breeze,
Bold Cormac climb'd the mountain, 'mid the trees, Light-

Light-arm'd, his polish'd darts the wolves arrest,
And lively pleasure fills his throbbing breast,
'Till, panting with fatigue and noontide heat,
Beneath a cliff he finds a shady seat,
Then to the glitt'ring sea he turns his eyes,
And thinks he sees the air-borne clouds arise
Along the dim horizon; but, more near,
They soon a large approaching fleet appear;
He views with stedfast look the coming storm,
And gen'rous passions his bold bosom warm;
His wife—his kindred—and his native land,
His love and his solicitude demand.
The lofty precipice he now descends,
And, with commanding voice, collects his friends.
"My countrymen! the Danes approach our coast;
To arms!—repel the foe, or all is lost.
Let swiftest messengers the tidings bear,
To bid the distant villagers prepare;
With active zeal, my fellow-soldiers, arm,
Whilst Erin's horns the villages alarm."

Quick, at his word, the nimble couriers fly;
His village brethren, with a martial cry,
Express their ardour, and their leader hail:
The women, with surprize and terror, pale,
Alarm'd and trembling, hear the boist'rous sound,
Which all the neighb'ring woods and hills rebound;
They clasp their children with a fond embrace,
And straight prepare to leave the dang'rous place.
The aged men, and stirplings immature,
With eager haste, the flocks and herds secure;
Together driven to a lonely glen,
By mountains screen'd, and seldom trod by men;
Thither the women, with their children, hie,
With tearful eyes, and many a mournful sigh;
Yet, ere they go, they bid a fond adieu
To their defenders, who, arrang'd to view,
In order stood, with helmets, spears, and shields,
Whilst fading twilight glimmer'd o'er the fields;

Sons

Sons—husbands—lovers, form'd the little train,
Who heard, with sorrowing hearts, their friends
complain;
'Till Cormac, leader of the noble band,
Repress'd their wailings, with a mild command,
" Forbear those sounds of woe, the hero said,
You know our brave forfathers often bled,
To keep the lovely vales of Erin free,
And guard our virtuous women's chastity:
Then, why unman my fellow-soldiers here,
With foolish sorrows, and the gushing tear?
No, rather rouze your countrymen to arms,
To guard from foreign violence your charms."
He paus'd—then upwards turn'd his sparkling
eyes,
And thus address'd the Pow'r who rules the
skies,
" Guardian of Erin! to thy creatures lend
Thy potent aid, by which we shall defend
Our native island from a foreign foe,
That comes our social comforts to o'erthrow."

He ceas'd—and, from the village, now appears
A mournful maiden, trembling with her fears:
"Oh! Cormac, haste, she cries, thy Ellen fair
Now tears, with frantic hand, her graceful hair;
Haste, haste to comfort her afflicted mind,
Nor leave thy wife in sad despair behind."
The youthful warrior to his Ellen flies;
The weeping women then renew their cries.

Now Cormac at his native cot arrives,
His well-known voice his fainting spouse revives,
Prone at his feet the weeping fair one fell,
And clasp'd the knees of him she lov'd so well.
"Ah! whither would'st thou go? my guardian, stay,
Nor leave me here, to certain death a prey;
Soul of my life, thou dearer than my breath,
I never, never can survive thy death;
And well I know, the ardour of thy mind,
Intent on noble deeds, to danger blind,

Will

Will overwhelm thee in the gulf of Fate,
And leave me here in a defenceless state."
Convulsive sobs her failing voice suppress'd,
And dropping tears impearl'd her beauteous breast;
In wild disorder flow'd her auburn hair,
And cloudy grief o'ercast her aspect fair.
Her husband slowly rais'd her in his arms,
And to his sighing bosom clasp'd those charms,
Which ne'er again shall bless his eager sight—
No more her dulcet voice his ears delight—
No more her eyes, mild-beaming purest love,
With extasy his thrilling bosom move—
No more her social virtues warm his heart;
The moment's come they must for ever part.
" My dearest Ellen, why this useless woe?
Thy Cormac must repel th' invading foe;
Our Island claims her sons' protecting care,
For her the iron mail of War I wear,
And, guarding her, my much-lov'd friends I free
From slavish fears, and Danish tyranny.

Re-

Remember, love! how, in our youthful state,
I snatch'd my Ellen from the jaws of Fate,
When the fell wolf my charming girl pursu'd,
With glaring eyes, and tusks defil'd with blood,
Whilst, on the wings of Fear, my darling fled,
My rapid dart transfix'd his horrid head.
Thus shall the cruel Danes before us fall,
Nor by their prowess Erin's isle enthral.
Adieu, my dearest love!" he sighing said;
At the afflicting word her spirits fled,
And fainting Life seem'd ready to depart,
So much conflicting passions rent her heart.
Recover'd by her kind attendant's care,
She for her quick departure must prepare.

Now, Brian comes to view his native band,
Where, on a little hill, in arms they stand;
Oft had he labour'd in the fields of fight,
And deeds of glory were his chief delight;
Tho' Age had long relax'd his weaken'd arm,
His animating eloquence could warm.

And

And, whilst the moon ascends above the main,
He thus harangues the patriotic train:
"My countrymen! I hope you'll soon o'erthrow,
By brave exertions, Ireland's ancient foe;
Act like your fathers, and the Danes expel,
Then Liberty and Peace with you shall dwell.
This feeble arm of mine, once young and strong,
Achiev'd bold deeds, that live in sacred song;
The leader of your fathers I have been,
And toil'd with them in many a dreadful scene;
My Cormac's now your chief, by gen'ral choice;
In battles still obey his lofty voice.
The martial art I taught my only son—
In open field the ambuscade to shun,
With steady valour to attack the foe,
And strike a pow'rful and decisive blow.
Act so, and may kind Heav'n with conquest crown
Your arms, and sacred bards chaunt your renown."

With

With chearful shouts, the youth their zeal express,
Whilst Brian breathes a pray'r for their success.
He then retires—and tow'rds the hostile plain,
The warriors march, despising Death and Pain;
Beside the shore a spacious village rose,
Thither they march, and whilst in deep repose,
New spirits fill their hearts, two centries stand,
With eyes attentive to the neighb'ring strand.

Two furlongs from the shore the fleet was moor'd,
By the safe bay from sudden storms secur'd,;
Orfar, the leader of the hardy host,
In war was frozen Denmark's fav'rite boast,
Allur'd by Fame, to Erin's happy isle
He came, her sons to conquer and despoil,
And in the genial clime unrivall'd reign;
He warms his soldiers with the hope of gain;

The

The army soon embark'd, a fav'ring wind
Bears to the shore, where grizzly Fate they find.
Thirty large ships a dreadful line compose,
O'er which the moon her pleasing radiance throws,
In each one hundred chosen warriors lie
Asleep, till vivid Morn illumes the sky.

Now rosy Dawn appears, encreasing light,
Effulgent, rises o'er the mountain's height;
To their dark dens the howling wolves retire,
The glorious Morning's beams the birds inspire
With joy, sweet-warbled from the leafy grove,
And chearful larks, ascending, sing above,
No early footsteps marks the dewy green—
No playful lamb, or grazing ox, are seen;
The flowing tide rolls on, with hollow roar
The sparkling waves, that lash the rocky shore—
The screaming sea-fowl skim the swelling tide,
Where, near the land, the ships, at anchor, ride—

The bold invaders in their boats descend,
Row'd to the land where soon they must contend
With Erin's sons—along the shelly strand,
Form'd by their chiefs, in order'd ranks they stand.
Proud Orfar views the lines, and waves his hand,
The army's mute, attention to command:
" Brave Danes!" he cries " behold the beauteous scene,
See, ev'n the highest mountains rob'd in green;
Rich is the blissful isle, and mild the clime—
The earth bestows its fruits in perfect prime;
And shall yon timid bands the isle defend?
Your vet'ran valour will their force transcend.
Like a short blaze, their courage will expire—
Like fearful deer the dastards will retire:
Gain but this battle, and the Isle is ours,
Its cultivated fields, and rose-deck'd bow'rs.
We sail'd from Denmark's bleak and barren shore,
Thro' stormy seas, Ierne to explore; And

And oft ye murmur'd at the kind decree
That sent ye hither, o'er the spacious sea.
Of all your toils behold the rich reward,
Nor think the painful task of conflict hard;
Ere yon bright sun bestows his noontide light,
I hope, you'll be victorious in the fight;
Then yon thin ranks shall, conquer'd vassals, bend,
And their fair women at our feasts attend.
Let the incautious foe attack, and then
Repel their sudden force, like valiant men;
They'll soon retreat, and Erins fertile isle
Reward my soldiers for their martial toil."
With chearful shouts the Danes their gen'ral hail,
And the loud sounds fly on the morning gale.

THE mountain warriors Cormac's voice obey,
He rouzes them to arms with rising day;
Whilst, from the distant hills, for many a mile,
Erin's brave youth descend, to guard their Isle;

Assembled near the shore, arrang'd they stand—
The bands obedient to their chief's command;
Two thousand men in arms, elate and brave,
Resolv'd to march to conquest, or the grave;
The chiefs, in silence on the bards await,
Who, rob'd in white, approach in solemn state;
In the left hand the tuneful harp they bear,
And wave the right, the warriors to prepare,
'Till Connal, chief of bards, prepares the strain,
To animate with zeal the warlike train;
He views the sparkling lustre of their eyes,
And thus his voice bids ardent Valour rise:

O D E.

ERIN's hope! my soul's delight,
Now attack your country's foe;
Let them feel your conq'ring might—
Lay the bold invaders low.

Oft your fathers met the Dane,
With victorious grasp, in fight,

And

And along the crimson'd plain,
Clos'd their eyes in endless night.

Firmly face the pointed lance,
Broken on the guarding shield;
Like a torrent, still advance,
And with slaughter fill the field.

If, like cowards, ye retreat,
And your native Isle betray,
Infamy and chains await
Erin's hapless sons this day.

Think how the rapacious foe
Will your women violate,
And the happiness o'erthrow
Of your peaceful social state.

Think of Liberty enjoy'd,
Now in danger to be lost.
Rouze! O rouze your martial pride,
As ye fight the Danish host.

Now! defend your children dear—
Parents—brethren—native isle;
Banish ev'ry trembling fear,
Then shall Conquest on you smile.

In firm ranks repel the Dane—
Charge them in old Erin's name,
Where your sires have often slain
Their selectest sons of Fame.

WITH shouts the warriors interrupt his song,
And, dreadful, on the foe they pour along;
The Danes await them, eager to engage,
And the fierce ranks now close with cruel rage.
As some volcano, from its bursting side,
Emits a fiery torrent on the tide,
Down flames the burning flood, with horrid noise,
Impell'd by Storm, the adverse surges rise,
'Till, mix'd in conflict, on the quaking shore,
Those elements contend with awful roar,

Whilst

Whilst o'er the dreadful scene dark vapours rise,
And, with their gloom, conceal the lucid skies.
So join the furious armies, fierce and loud,
And o'er their heads ascends a dusty cloud.

THE sons of Erin—ardent—valiant—fierce—
The thickest ranks of their opponents pierce;
The wary enemy, inur'd to fight,
Surround their scatter'd bands, gloomy as Night;
Imperious Orfar, gen'ral of their host,
Slays Erin's heroes on their native coast;
High on the gilded helm that guards his head,
Three sable plumes their waving beauty spread;
His well-tried shield repels each hostile dart,
And sanguine Vengeance fills his fearless heart.

NEW to the fight, the gallant Cormac views,
Where War with mangled men the plain bestrews—
He sees his countrymen by danger press'd,
And all the PATRIOT rouzes in his breast;

Swift

Swift as a whirlwind on the foe he flies—
The hapless Dane who meets his weapon, dies.
His wife—his country, nerve his manly arm—
He life contemns, to guard them free from harm;
With ev'ry blow he strikes new ardours rise,
And warlike lustre fills his eager eyes.
The sons of Erin, weak with breathless toil,
Shrink, whilst their smoaking blood distains the soil—
With frantic shouts they fly, and wild Dismay,
With tenfold horror fills their disarray;
The furious Danes their broken bands pursue,
And in their gushing lives their hands imbrue.

FIERCE Cormac, with indignant soul, retires,
And, rallied on a hill, the troops inspires
With love of Liberty—"Alas! my friends,
This fatal day our country's freedom ends;
Ne'er in our vales shall joyful sounds be heard,
By our ferocious conquerors deterr'd.

Tim-

Tim'rous as deer, our youth their necks shall bend
Beneath their yoke, and Erin's glory end.
Now, rouze, my countrymen, your noble ire—
Let your dear country's love your souls inspire.
O! think how oft yon woody hills have rung,
When tuneful bards the great achievements sung
Of our great ancestors, who Freedom lov'd,
And in the field of War their valour prov'd.
And shall WE fly? Ah! shall we tamely yield
Our country's rights, nor our dear kindred shield
From Rapine, Violation, Death, and chains?
Shall our best friends be vassals to the Danes?
Grasp firmly, now, your swords—one effort try—
For our lov'd Isle we'll conquer or we'll die."
Encourag'd thus, the hardy ranks again,
Descend with rapid fury on the plain:

Like the red light'ning, Cormac's blood-stain'd sword
Destroy'd the Danes, and Erin's hopes restor'd;
Impulsive might the daring van o'erthrows,
Where, frantic with revenge, the armies close.
The Danish soldiers, long inur'd to fight,
Condense their ranks, and, gloomy as the the Night,
Their sable shields before their ranks they bear,
Of the fierce Irish energy aware.
Ierne's sons impetuously assail
This formidable phalanx, and prevail:
The broken ranks before the victors fly,
Whilst mingled shouts and groans ascend the sky.
A forest, thus, resists a sudden blast,
But the encreasing storm prevails at last,
Uproots the strongest oaks, with dreadful noise,
And all the beauty of the scene destroys.

AMID the carnage of the dreadful fight,
Unconquer'd Orfar, fill'd with martial might,
Repels

Repels the Irish, aided by his men,
And seeming Conquest chears their hearts again.
Young Cormac, breathless, with incessant toil,
Leans on a rock, and sees his native soil
With mangled carcasses of men bestrew'd—
Sees Orfar's hands in Irish blood embru'd—
Hears his majestic voice to Conquest call—
And sees his native youth before him fall:
Enrag'd, he rouzes all the ardent fire
That Freedom, and his country's cause, inspire.
He chears the leaders of Ierne's bands,
Who hear, with ready zeal, his wise commands.
"My friends," the patriotic hero cries,
"This hour brave Orfar or your gen'ral dies;
Unconquer'd, still your native land defend—
Destroy the Danes, and all your dangers end."
Ardent he spoke—and, with undaunted mein,
Seeks Orfar, glorious in the dreadful scene,

Who his approaching foe, with joy, espies,
And kindling vengeance sparkles in his eyes.
With blood-stain'd swords the rival chiefs engage,
Inspir'd with all the force of Valour's rage;
Active and strong, their keen-edg'd blades they wield,
And their warm blood flows plenteous on the field;
Their helmets and their shields in pieces hewn,
They fight, all-breathless, in the blaze of noon.
At length the Dane, with a resistless blow,
Lopt the left arm of his unconquer'd foe.
Brave Cormac, warm with life, despising pain,
Makes a last effort on his native plain—
With one swift blow, he cleft fierce Orfar's head,
And laid the pride of Denmark's army dead.
So the red light'ning from the cloud descends,
And the high cliff, with force tremendous, rends,
The smoaking fragments on the summit lie,
And the loud crash ascends the echoing sky.

Thus

Thus died proud Orfar—and his broken host,
Impell'd by Terror, hasten to the coast;
The shouting Irish their retreat pursue,
And in the blood of Danes their hands imbrue.
The Danes their num'rous boats, in haste, pre-
pare—
Their bravest troops defend the flying rear.
Like raging fire, the Irish bands assail
Their foes, and their resistless pow'rs prevail:
Plung'd in the tide, the mingled warriors fight—
Lost to the vanquish'd Danes the hope of
flight;
Wounded, and fainting with the loss of blood,
They sink, expiring, in the rising flood.
The eager front of their pursuing foes
The rising waves in one dark grave enclose;
Together they descend, with hostile grasp,
And Hatred dies in their expiring gasp.
Meantime the half-fraught boats float on the
tide,
To where the stately ships at anchor ride;

The

The Danes their anchors weigh, and leave the coast,
Where their best warriors lie, in battle lost.
There Erin's sons, victorious in the fight,
Their voices, in loud shouts of joy, unite.
Meantime, brave Cormac's friends their gen'ral bear
To where a hawthorn waves in Summer's air;
There, shaded from the sun, his wounds they bind;
He rests upon a mossy stone, reclin'd;
Reviv'd, a momentary joy pervades
His manly heart—he views the distant shades
Beside his cot, but sees not Ellen, there,
Walk graceful o'er the flow'ry summits fair.
The distant shelt'ring glen his spouse conceals,
And her fair breast the pang of Sorrow feels;
Beneath a flow'ry thorn, beside a spring,
Whilst o'er her head harmonious thrushes sing,
She sits among her maids, in sad suspense,
And ev'ry sudden sound affrights her sense.

Meantime,

MEANTIME, old Brian, from a hill surveys
The field of battle, with attentive gaze;
With martial ardour fill'd, he sees, below,
His countrymen their enemies o'erthrow;
Joy swells his thrilling bosom, and, elate,
He sees bold Victory on Erin wait—
Sees her brave sons triumphant on the plain,
And Death, ev'n to their boats, pursue the Dane.
A nearer object next attracts his sight—
He views a wounded warrior, from the fight
Borne by his friends. Now sudden fears arrest
The rising transports of old Brian's breast;
He calls a youth, "Haste downward, and enquire
His name who seems just ready to expire.
Alas! I fear he is my noble son,
And that his morning race of glory's run."
The youth descends, the dying hero sees,
Whose ebbing spirits sink by slow degrees.
With frighted heart, the stripling climbs the hill,
Whilst from his eyes the tears of Grief distil.

"Your

" Your doubts, unhappy Brian, were too true,
'Tis dying Cormac yonder lies in view."
The venerable sire with speechless woe,
Descends to the afflicted train below;
The grateful soldiers, with respectful love,
To aid the tott'ring father quickly move.
The father's presence lights a gleam of joy
In that pale visage Death shall soon destroy;
And Cormac strives to rise, alas! in vain,
He faints, o'ercome by weakness and by pain.
Reviv'd—old Brian clasp'd his conq'ring hand,
" Oh! thou defender of our native land,"
He cries, " For Erin's weal my hero dies—
To guard her freedom, thou did'st Death despise."
" Yes, worthy sire," the dying son reply'd,
" To serve my country was my chiefest pride;
Kind Heav'n with conquest bless'd our patriot bands,
And Denmark's pride lies low, beneath their hands.

Thy

Thy presence, father, chears my fainting heart,
But where did'st thou with my dear Ellen part?"
" I left her safe," reply'd the mournful sire.
" O! Heaven for ever bless my soul's desire!
May my fair Ellen happiness enjoy,
And no invader Erin's peace destroy.
May Liberty, and Social Love, prevail
For ever here."—His dying spirits fail;
To scenes of peace and joy his spirit flies,
And on the gory grass his body lies.
Sad sounds of woe the woody hills resound,
Whilst his brave friends their leader's corse surround;
Of verdant branches soon they form a bier,
And bear him to his cot, with grief sincere.
Arriv'd, the customary rites, with care,
To grace the noble warrior, they prepare.

MEANTIME, along the shore, Ierne's host
See their defeated foe forsake the coast;
The wounded to the villages they bear,
And ease their anguish, with fraternal care.

The wearied warriors lay their arms aside,
'Till Nature's craving wants are satisfy'd;
Nutritious food and drink their strength re-
store—
With joyful looks, they view the spacious shore,
And flying foe, whose ships, at distance, glide
O'er the soft swellings of the ev'ning tide.
Now, from their green recess, the bards appear,
Their presence the triumphant soldiers chear;
They rise respectfully, and loud acclaim
Salutes old Connal, whose sweet song was
Fame;
In his bright eyes the light of Genius shone,
And now his lofty voice sings Glory won: —

O D E.

How silently, along the shore,
The gory foes of Erin lie;
Their threat'ning voices shall no more
With foreign clamours fill the sky.

The

Lo! where the vanquish'd prowlers fly
From happy Erin's dang'rous coast.
Daughters of Denmark! loudly cry,
And weep your dearest lovers lost.

Around me stand the noble throng
Who Erin's liberty secure;
Their valour claims my grateful song,
Who for our Isle such toils endure.

Ye guardians of each peaceful joy,
That rural Innocence bestows,
Your valiant efforts did destroy
The pride of our invading foes.

Now may our spritely maids again
Their native villages adorn,
And gracefully trip o'er the plain,
With faces blooming as the Morn.

Yet, some there are that will deplore
Their dearest friends, destroy'd in fight;

But, wailing never can restore
The spirits, who ascend to Light.

Again, ye glorious heroes, hail!
Your acts shall grace my daily song,
And the light pinions of the gale
Shall bear your fame our vales along.

He ceas'd—the youthful bards, with pleasing skill,
The echoing groves with martial music fill;
Their harps they next attune to softer strains,
And sing fair Freedom's reign on Erin's plains.
The warriors hear the song, with silent joy,
And no intrusive fears their peace annoy.
The minstrels cease—and down the sloping dales,
The voice of Sorrow vibrates in the gales;
And, lo! descending from the woody height,
The wailing women haste, with pale affright;
The mountain villagers, with joyful love,
To meet their dearest friends, with ardour move.

Im-

Immingling with the bands, the fearful fair
Their sorrow, or their lively joy, declare—
Some clasp their heroes with a fond embrace,
And sudden happiness illumes the face—
Whilst others their dear kindred's fall bewail,
Who lie, beneath the hand of Slaughter, pale.

Now Ellen comes, with her attendant maids,
Like a bright vision from the verdant shades,
Her raiment white, and her expressive face,
Tho' pale with grief, displays transcendent grace;
For Cormac she enquires—but, silent, all,
With grateful tears, weep his untimely fall.
At length, old Connal, with a secret sigh,
Began, "Fair Ellen, all mankind must die:
Some in the dang'rous path of Honour tread,
And early mingle with the peaceful dead;
Whilst others find the grave by slow degrees,
Oppressd with Age, Misfortune, and Disease.
Thy Cormac, warm in Liberty's defence,
Repell'd our country's fell invaders hence;
By his brave arm, the Danish gen'ral, slain,
Lies, cold and pale, on Erin's glorious plain.

Victo-

Victorious Cormac, then, by wounds oppress'd,
Like a tir'd labourer, sunk to silent Rest."
Dim Anguish veils the lustre of her eyes—
She faints, unconscious of her maiden's cries,
'Till Nature's vital pow'r her life restores,
Then thus impassion'd she her loss deplores:
" Life of my dearest hopes! and art thou dead!
Alas! my youthful happiness is fled.
Oh! Cormac! Cormac! never shall thy voice,
With sweetest sounds of love, my soul rejoice.
Ah! what to me my country, now he's lost?
Dear is the price our liberty hath cost.
Alas! my boding heart too plainly told
I ne'er again would my dear love behold;
Blooming in manly grace, by Death destroy'd,
Low lies my soul's desire, my bosom's pride,
My lost, lost husband."—Here convulsive sighs
Suppress'd her voice, and tears bedew'd her eyes,
Fast flowing down, the lucid drops of Grief
Afford her swelling heart a short relief.

Then

Then starting up, with an impatient bound,
She darts her penetrating looks around,
And begs they'll lead her to where Cormac, dead,
Lies, with Spring's sweetest blossoms round him spread.
Arriv'd, she views him pale and mangled lie,
And not a rising tear swells in her eye;
Down sinks the tender Ellen, and her breath,
In sudden gasps, foretels appoaching Death,
From her fond heart the warm arterial blood
Burst forth, with sudden suffocating flood.
She dies—her weeping maids behold her fall,
But no kind aid her spirit can recal.
Beside her husband plac'd her body lies,
And mournful friends attend their obsequies.

Now, Ev'ning's solemn twilight ushers Night,
And Darkness overwhelms the fading light,
The martial bands, fatigu'd, retire to rest,
With Victory, and Peace, and Freedom blest.
The field of battle, strew'd with mangled slain,
Exhibits now a melancholy train; In

In groups, the women search for slaughter'd friends,
The feeble star-light small assistance lends;
But soon fair Cynthia, rising o'er the main,
Pours light o'er all the mountains, vales, and plain;
Then, some who find their friends, in sad despair,
Fill, with terrific cries, the gusty air.
The rising gales sigh in the waving grove,
And gliding clouds conceal the moon above;
Oft, thro' the parting gloom, the lunar light
Gives all the various objects to the sight,
And shews the women weeping o'er their dead,
Where the fresh verdure is with gore o'erspread;
All night they mourn, 'till chearful Morn removes
Dull Darkness, and displays the vernal groves;
The warriors, summon'd by the martial horn,
March to the field, where, wet with dews of Morn,

Cold,

Cold, ghastly, pale, and horrid to the eye,
The slain, in wide promiscuous ruin, lie.
Commanded by their chiefs, the bands, with care,
Now to the grave the mangled bodies bear;
The Danes they bury in the gory plain,
And no memorials of their death remain.
In a deep trench they lay their native dead,
Who nobly for their country's freedom bled,
And o'er the grave a lofty trophy rear,
Which shall their fame to future times declare.
The bards attend, to grace their obsequies;
Meantime, their friends, with mingled tears and sighs,
Bear Cormac and his Ellen to the tomb,
Where, on a hill, unfading laurels bloom;
There Connal goes, with sadly-solemn pace,
Whilst tears bedew his venerable face,
Descending o'er his hoary beard, they shine—
The offspring of his feeling heart benign;
With plaintive melody, above their grave
He stands, and mourns the beautiful and brave.

DIRGE.

TOGETHER, in this earthy tomb,
In prime of Life, and Beauty's bloom,
Brave Cormac and his Ellen, dead,
Lie, with the grassy turf o'erspread.
Alas! no more his voice shall warm
Our youth to brave War's iron storm—
No more shall Ellen grace the grove,
Sacred to Friendship, Peace, and Love.

Below, in yonder trophied plain,
Lie Erin's sons, in battle slain;
With Life they purchas'd Victory,
And left their native Island free.
Dear, honour'd heroes! lost in fight,
Behold us from the climes of Light,
Our tutelary spirits be,
And shield Ierne's liberty.

Ambitious Denmark, scourge of Earth,
Thy soil gives cruel prowlers birth—
Where'er

Where'er they come, destructive Death
Blasts blooming Peace with baleful breath.
But lately, yonder summits rung
With strains of love, by Ellen sung;
Now, lost in silence—and her charms
No more her Cormac's bosom warms.

Alas! how many maids shall mourn
Their lovers, who shall ne'er return;
And widows shall, with tearful eyes,
Express their grief, with plaintive cries.
Ah! see where Brian, wrapt in woe,
Beneath yon oak, feels Sorrow's throe—
The hope and glory of his age
Was lost, amid the battle's rage.

Adieu! unconscious dust! adieu!
Our tears shall often fall for you;
And oft the sorrow-breathing strain
Shall of your sudden death complain;
Your lov'd remembrance ne'er shall die
Whilst yonder sun illumes the sky—
For you the bards, in future days,
Shall chaunt traditionary lays.

RESPONSIVE to his voice, the bards around,
With their sweet harps, make woods and rocks resound,
On the soft breeze the mellow music flies,
And mingling sounds melt in the distant skies.

Now, venerable Connal, on a height,
Stands forth, conspicuous to the army's sight,
Who stand arrang'd in ranks, and all attend
To the wise counsel of their faithful friend:
" My countrymen," the hoary bard began,
" I see our fame ascend, like rising Dawn—
I see progressive arts our Island grace,
And Population, Wealth, and Love encrease.
Our liberty's secur'd by native might,
Which put our sanguine enemies to flight.
Now, in fraternal love our rising youth
Shall live, inspir'd by love of sacred Truth;
But, if Ambition prompts a brother's mind,
To violate the rights of human kind,
Let love of Liberty, and Public Zeal,
Doom growing Tyranny your wrath to feel;

But

But let the sapient sages, white with years,
Direct your councils—dry the widow's tears—
Preserve the orphan, to his country dear—
And, by wise laws, bid Justice flourish here.
Oft let our hardy youth their weapons wield—
To arms accustom'd in the peaceful field—
Then, when the stormy horns of War shall sound,
They'll pant to be, like you, with laurels crown'd;
And will preserve their native Island free,
Thus nurtur'd in the love of Liberty.
Now, to your homes, our Erin's guardians, go,
And pleasure to your pensive friends bestow;
Again ye shall behold your women's charms,
Preserv'd unblemish'd, by your conq'ring arms;
Your patrimony, by your risk, secur'd,
Shall yield you Earth's refreshing fruits matur'd;
Your flocks and kine the verdant hills shall graze,
And rip'ning corn reflect the solar rays.

Again

Again the shepherd's pipe, with simple strain,
Shall, with the melody of Love, complain;
Or, breathing spritely airs, the heart rejoice,
Whilst blooming maids respond, with tuneful voice.
Adieu, ye chiefs—adieu, each noble band;
Ye brave defenders of our happy land:
Thus, join'd in love, our foreign foes, in vain,
Shall, with their hostile thousands, load the main.
'Tis Concord gives you pow'r—the torrent's force,
With feeble progress, murmurs near its source;
But, join'd by many streams, adown the steep,
It rolls impetuous, with resistless sweep.
Still, when your foes invade, like brethren join,
Then shall the light of Glory on you shine,
And Erin, blooming 'mid the wavy sea,
Shall be for ever safe—for ever free.

He ceas'd—and joyful shouts of loud acclaim
Triumphant rise, and swell with Erin's name.

The joyful conquerors return'd again,
To cultivate the fertile hill and plain,
Where, chear'd by Health—of Social Love possess'd,
They flourish'd, with the smiles of Freedom bless'd.

THE END.

Again the shepherd's pipe, with simple strain,
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